

TED KACZYNSKI
to
BEAU FRIEDLANDER

#49

May 13, 1999

Dear Beau,

I want to apologize for taking so long to answer your letter of April 27. As usual, I can't keep up with things. If it isn't one thing it's another. I had meant to start on my answer to your April 27 letter a couple of hours ago, but at about that time I received a letter from Michael Mello in which he advises me to file another legal motion; and he says it should be filed as soon as possible. I can well understand why. So I'll have to put off answering your April 27 letter for a few days while I get this motion prepared. Again, I'm sorry for this.

But I guess I do have time to tell you about an adventure I had with a baked potato.

It happens that I like baked potatoes better when they're cold than when they're hot, so when we are given a baked potato with a meal I put it aside and save it for a bedtime ~~snack~~ snack. I did this with a baked potato just a few days ago. When the time for my bedtime snack arrived I broke open the skin of the potato and found, to my disgust, that it was rotten. Instead of being firm and white inside it was all mushy and yellow and green. The green was in a layer under the skin of the potato. I suppose you know how potatoes get greened when exposed to light. Greened potatoes are acrid-

tasting and ~~someh~~ somewhat poisonous. So it appeared that I had got stuck with a potato that had first been greened and then got rotten.

But then it struck me that it was somewhat odd that the green layer was uniform all around the potato. Usually a potato gets greened only on one side, where it's been exposed to the light. Curious, I gave the potato a tentative squeeze, which pushed a kind of brown core out of the middle of it. Ugh! What was this? Another kind of rot? I examined the brown thing more closely and discovered that it was ellipsoidal in shape, smooth, and hard. A seed! And then it dawned on me that what I had was not a potato, but an avocado.

I ~~ate~~ ate it with relish, since I am fond of avocados. But previously I had ~~eat~~ eaten avocados only raw — I had never seen a baked one. The baking had turned the skin from a green to a brown-black color, so that I mistook the fruit for a baked potato.

*

Here is a quotation from the Los Angeles Times, April 28, 1999, page A1.

Perhaps you have a sufficient streak of cynicism in your character so that you will find it amusing:

"Outrage and fear came to a head for Maria Martinez the day her 6-year-old daughter picked up what she thought was a balloon and began blowing it up. It was a used condom."

On this cheerful note I will close.

Best regards,

Tea